

## For the Children

### WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Christian Rosetti.

Who has seen the wind?  
Neither I nor you;  
But when the leaves hang trembling,  
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?  
Neither you nor I;  
But when the trees bow down their heads,  
The wind is passing by.

### JYP.

Jyp kept asking mother whether it was not time to go. And she kept saying, "No, not yet, dear."

But at last she said, "Well, I think you may start now. Your teacher will be there."

Jyp was very anxious not to be late. He was going to Sunday-school, and his teacher, Miss Adeline, had begged all the boys to learn the habit of coming in time. "You would not like to be late at day school," she had said. "Don't you think that you ought to be as particular about Sunday-school?"

This is the reason Jyp was hurrying, but when he reached the house where the Boyds lived, Prissie Boyd was standing at the gate, crying.

"What's the matter?" asked Jyp, slowing up for just one minute.

"I can't go to Sunday-school! I'm too late!" wailed Prissie. "Jack is sick and can't take me."

Jyp was sorry for her. He knew how it felt to like to go to Sunday-school; he hated to miss.

Prissie had an idea. She rubbed the tears out of her eyes to see what Jyp would think of it. "Mother would let me go with you," she hinted.

"Oh, I'm in a great hurry!" said Jyp, beginning to move on. "I can't wait for you."

"It won't take me long," urged Prissie. "I am all ready, almost."

But Jyp walked along as if he did not hear her, and as if he did not hear her begin to cry again.

But he did hear, and it made him uncomfortable. "It is just like meanness," he told himself. "It seems as if it was better to be a teenty bit late than for Prissie not to go at all. I should think Miss Adeline would rather."

He was not sure. He had not known this teacher long. She was a very tall and a very straight young lady, and she had said a great deal against lateness.

A bird that was apparently waiting for Jyp on a fence post flew away when he came near. Jyp looked up after it and noticed how very bright and blue the sky was.

"Well, anyway," said he, stopping short, "God would rather! And mother would. And," turning suddenly around, "I would!"

He called to Prissie. "You go in and get ready! And hurry! I'll take you!"

She went in. Maybe she hurried, but it seemed to Jyp a long time before she came out again.

He started to tell her that he thought she never was coming. "But," he decided, "I won't. It isn't very

polite, and it isn't very pleasant. It can't change it now."

So he shut his mouth tight, and walked fast, and did not say anything.

But Prissie said a great deal, until she was so out of breath from their haste that it was more comfortable to stop.

"You are a lovely boy!" she said. "Mother thinks you are. Mother thinks very likely you learned it at Sunday-school, because they teach every kind of goodness there. She wants me to pay attention and learn, too."

A smile crept between Jyp's lips and undid their stiff line. He was glad that he had waited for Prissie. He would not be a bit surprised if Miss Adeline would be glad, too.

But the funny part of it all, and the delightful part of it was, that when he and Prissie got to Sunday-school they were not late at all!—Sally Campbell, in the Young Christian Soldier.

### THE JOKE PLANT.

"Who watered Grandma's plants?" asked Marcia, coming around the house to where the other children were playing with picture-puzzles.

"I did. Why?" asked Thomas, fitting an arm to his man's body without looking up.

"You broke her fern all down," said Marcia.

"I didn't!" cried Thomas. "I was just as careful as could be."

"I guess I saw it," said Marcia. "It was all withered and drooping."

"Why, Marcia Packer!" said Julia. "I saw that fern just a few minutes ago, and it was all right."

"And I saw it," put in Joseph, "and it was all broken, just as Marcia says. I guess I can see as well as any one."

The children's voices grew louder and louder, until Grandma came out to see what was going on. She listened to their story, and then said, "Suppose we go and see the plant. Maybe that will tell."

Julia and Thomas looked very triumphant when the little plant was all right and not drooping at all. Marcia could scarcely believe her eyes, and Joseph looked very shame-faced, but just as Julia and Thomas were saying, "What did we tell you?" Grandma reached over and touched the delicate fern-like leaves. All at once they drooped and fell, and the plant looked very forlorn standing there all broken and wilted.

"Why! Why! Why!" cried the children, but Grandma motioned to them to wait.

One by one the little frond like leaves began to rise and in a few minutes were as fine looking as any one could wish. Grandma explained that it was called Sensitive Plant, and the children tried over and over to see the leaves fall and revive, but they never called it Sensitive Plant.

"That isn't a very god name," said Joseph. "I'm going to call it the Joke Plant, because it played such a trick on us." And to this very day the children look for Joke Plants whenever on the farm, and tell how they once were foolish enough to quarrel about them.—Hilda Richmond, in the Sunday School Times.